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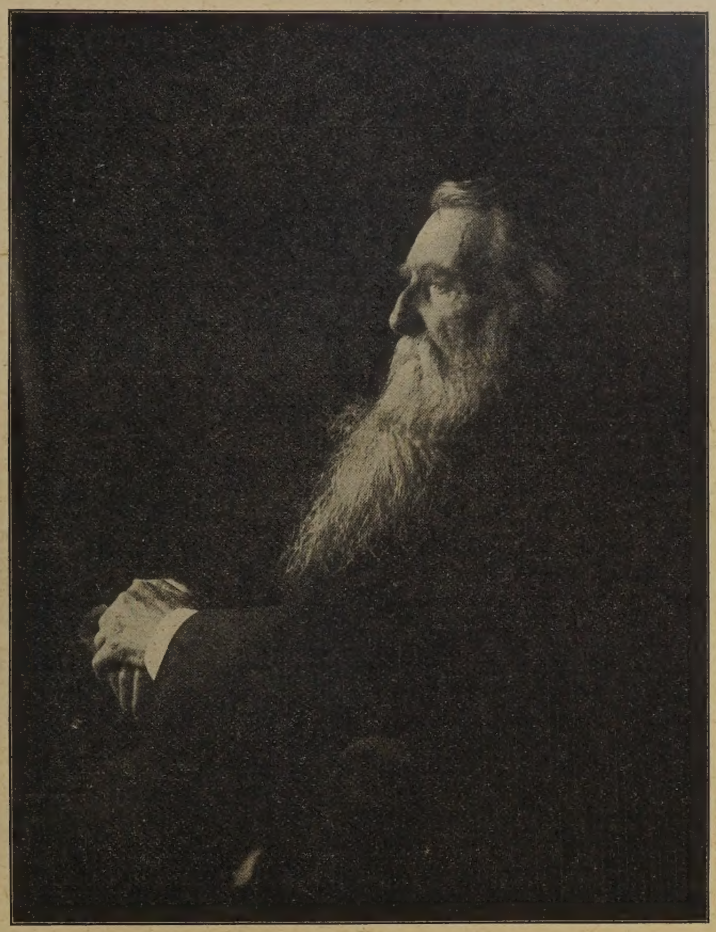
UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 19, 1901. NUMBER 16



JOHN RUSKIN.

Reproduced from the Ruskin Christmas Letter.
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UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1901. NUMBER 16

"A MERRIE CHRISTMAS" TO ALL OUR READERS!

YES, INDEED, A THRICE MERRIE CHRISTMAS!

We use the antique spelling, for we would invoke the antique spirit of Christmas that was made merry with song and dance, with the care-free love of simple hearts, the merry Christmas presents, without making the life of shop girl and errand boy a burden.

A protest counts but little at any time, it counts nothing at this late hour, but still we must make our annual protest against the pitiable denudation of vast acres clothed with young pine and spruce. They come to Chicago in ship loads and train loads. It has taken nature at least ten years to grow a Christmas tree that lends a decorative use to home or church for a few hours, cutting short at the end of ten years the creative task which nature had planned to run through a hundred years. Every Christmas tree has been stopped on its way to a ship mast, a rafter in a home, shingle and siding for barn or cottage or something better.

Again we deplore the vast commercial significance of the "Christmas gift industry" whenever that industry puts the considerations of economy and thrift at defiance in order that the requirements of conventional good-will be carried out.

But spite of it all and through it all radiates the Christmas sun, beaming light and life into human hearts, ameliorating the anxieties of human lives, softening the severities of human distinctions and bidding a truce to the antagonisms of creeds and races.

Christmas is still a FESTIVAL and festivals can be interpreted only by the poets. On the wings of song the holy days rise into holidays. Let the children be taught to carol; let their elders continue to sing the hymns; let all rejoice in the poetry of Christmas time. Let us all be diligent in our annual search for the best of Christmas poetry.

What are the great Christmas poems? Who wrote them? Beginning with the Christmas hymn in Luke we come down through the ages, down past Milton's "Hymn of the Nativity."

Browning's "Christmas Eve."

Alfred Domett's two great Christmas poems.

Sears' "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear,"

To Ruskin's Christmas letter, which is the theme of our Christmas sermon placed in another column, and as much farther down and as much nearer home as the culture, training and preference of each one may dictate.

Again we wish you a

MERRIE CHRISTMAS!

MAY BLITHE DAYS MAKE THOUGHTFUL MONTHS AND A HELP-GIVING YEAR!

The Kaiser is reported as having set his face against the use of beer by workmen during their working hours. Let his Majesty begin at his own table and in his own life if he wants his protest to go far.

The grandson of Victor Hugo has petitioned the Minister of Justice at Paris for permission to wear his grandfather's name. Now he is George Victor Hugo. This is commendable ambition in the boy. Now let him live up to his name. There is much in a name but there is more in a man.

The Englishman is finding that Great Britain is paying to the United States one hundred million dollars a year for American tobacco, that enters into fifteen billion cigarettes. The Boer war is not alone responsible for financial perplexities. John Bull has other extravagances than powder and lead.

Crystal gazing is said to be the latest fad in London, and the ambidextrous Andrew Lang seems to be its chief promoter. The prices of crystals have gone up. It is said that people gazing into separate crystals at the same moment sometimes see the same picture. This reminds us that the lamented Bozzie, the gifted dog of Chicago, has a daughter that promises to equal her mother in mind reading, thought transference or what not. We commend this dog to the careful and laborious study of the psychological department of the University of Chicago. There seems to be a chance of demonstrating beyond question the possibility of transferring human thought through the brain, or whatever is the thought mill, of a dog. Prove this and we have thrown a great light on much that has passed as mysterious in the realm of soul, and perhaps have found a near solution to much that has been supposed to be far reaching phenomena in the spiritual realm.

Jane Addams with her characteristic courage of opinions has been sounding a needed note of warning in regard to day nurseries. There is no charity that appeals more directly to the benevolent, none for which society women more gladly lend themselves, and wherever there is sufficiently energetic and devoted management there seems to be forthcoming the necessary money to support them. But this is one more of the local applications where constitutional treatment is needed. The Day Nursery is an arraignment of that social order and the domestic condition that compels the mother to systematically vacate the duties of motherhood while she goes to earn the necessary bread money, and sometimes, may it not be, she yields to the temptation to go to earn the not quite so necessary pin money. After all there is no charity that is fundamental and permanent save that which seeks to amend and not to ameliorate the evils of society; it is that which must seek to remove and not to atone for injustice. Today beneficent "settlements" sustained by the more fortunate in the midst of the less fortunate is perhaps the best that can be done. Tomor-

row it must be character building centers that will make life so just and simple on the avenues that the squalor of the alley will disappear.

A coronation is a very troublesome matter. King Edward has arranged to let in the Catholics, but, alas, the women are unhappy over the costumes prescribed, and it is estimated that one hundred and eight thousand poor little ermines will have to be slaughtered between now and June 26th next, aye, between now and the first of April, for nature only clothes the little animal in white and tips its tail with black during the winter months. Here is a winter industry for Canada and Russia, from which countries most of the ermines come. A Peeress will need to wear at least ninety of these dead animals if she appears in the regular coronation costume. There are many complacent philosophers among intelligent men and women who will rejoice in this prospect of a lively trade in the pelts of these pretty little wild animals. This devil-logic that justifies cruelty and wastefulness on the score of keeping money in circulation has never yet been answered in such a way as to carry conviction to the commercialized and conventionalized conscience of the average man and woman. Who will break this vicious chain in a way that it will stay broken?

No more significant meeting has been held in the city of Chicago in the interest of progress and corporate righteousness for a long time than that held in Music Hall, Fine Arts Building, last Sunday afternoon. The extreme cold weather and its suddenness depressed the attendance, but the audience was representative and influential. All the papers took the meeting as it deserved, seriously, and many of them enforced it with plain-speaking editorials. The purpose and outcome of the meeting will be sufficiently explained for the present by the closing address and the resolutions that followed, printed elsewhere in this issue. The meeting was presided over by the Honorable John Hamline, a veteran in the civil service cause in the city of Chicago. Addresses were made setting forth the shameful violation of the principles of the civil service in the management of the instituted charities of the state of Illinois, by Dr. Hirsch, Dr. Graham Taylor, the senior editor of UNITY, and William Kent, whose address and the resolutions he introduced we print in this issue. Mr. Frederick Burlingham, of the UNITY staff, through whose industry and energy the meeting was made possible, gave some revealing correspondence, which will be printed later along for the education of the American citizen everywhere. Here as elsewhere publicity is reform and more light is renovation. Housekeepers well know that the darkest room in the house is always the most untidy; even the cellar, when well lighted, is, apt to be well kept. The time has come to turn on the light on this dark, high-handed abuse of the rights of the unfortunate, this peddling of these rights out as "reward of merit" to those most diligent in rounding up the "bhoys" at election time. In Illinois, unfortunately, the merit system is not a state enactment. But because he is not forbidden to do it is no justification to a governor who stands self-confessed of the guilt of turning a good officer out of a position needing expert skill because he had not supported his candidacy, and of turning out another, "regretfully," because he had "to keep his promise" to a young man who got out of bed at midnight and went a hundred miles to advance his candidacy.

The Merit System in Illinois Institutions.

An Address by William Kent at the Public Meeting Held in Fine Arts Building, Chicago, Sunday Evening, December 17, 1901.

We who are here gathered together have heard some of the facts in the case.

We are going to act.

We make no claim to great wealth, great prominence or great political pull, but because we are right we claim to speak for the rightminded folk of Illinois. We are people who have the habit of doing things, and when we have set our hand to the plow we do not turn back.

The story of the management of our state institutions is a dreadful and a shocking one. It shows waste of public funds, discreditable finance, inadequate care of the unfortunate and partisan assessment of employes.

We do not now make any attack upon individuals. Rather we now choose to consider the matter in a broader light. We now choose to think of such violation of all business and social ethics as a survival of an abominable system which we here now pledge ourselves to rectify. In the name of common sense, common decency and common humanity we make some simple, unequivocal demands.

1. We demand that all save elective offices of the state shall be fairly open to all citizens of the state, and shall be filled by those who by character, experience and an open competitive examination are found fittest for public employment, whether they control delegates or never knew a delegate when they saw one, whether they belong to any party or any faction, or merely to themselves.

2. We demand that such persons once in office shall hold office on a basis of proven competence and good behavior and shall only be removed for valid cause as apart from political expediency; and further, that the rewards of competence and good behavior shall be advancement as opportunity occurs.

3. We demand the immediate discontinuance of the system of party assessment, which can only mean one or both of two dishonest things: Either that the public funds are wasted in extravagant salaries, or that employes are subject to highway robbery.

4. We demand that such changes in our system be embodied in a bill or bills and passed into law, so that never in the future shall the business interests of the State of Illinois be jeopardized by any election.

We do not demand these things because we wish to be spiteful or disagreeable, or even impolite. We do not demand them in the interest of or to injure any party or any part of any party or any political leader or any political camp-follower.

We do not demand them because we are worshipers of any shibboleth or formula of words. We demand these things because they are right and because they are sense. The business of the State of Illinois is not politics, it is our business, the business of all of us, and we demand that it shall be conducted on business principles. The people have never been appealed to in vain to advance the cause of civil service reform. All that is needed is publicity—light.

We must here set ourselves to the tasks outlined in the resolutions which I am about to read. Through a competent committee we must learn all the facts available of our own institutions. We must give the widest publicity to these facts and in no uncertain tones tell the

need of a change. We must through a suitable committee (which shall have studied the systems of other states and other countries) formulate proposed legislation and publish that.

We must see to it that those who seek our votes shall only receive them on condition of being intelligent enough, decent enough and honest enough to vote and work for such reform.

We who are here may be few in number, but we speak the words of soberness and sense, and in the name of the people of Illinois, for the sake of the people of Illinois, both the competent and the unfortunate, we demand what is right.

The people of Illinois have set their faces toward the rising sun. It will be worse for any belated and benighted savages who may seek to stay their course.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS PRESENTED BY MR. KENT AT THE CLOSE OF ABOVE ADDRESS AND UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED.

WHEREAS, The last three state administrations have been characterized by sweeping changes in the management of all the public institutions and in the appointive offices of this state, so that the professional and business administration has been repeatedly broken up without regard to efficiency; and

WHEREAS, The charitable and penal institutions are especially dependent for their humane and economical administration upon continuous expert direction; and

WHEREAS, A general state merit law must be secured to gain any permanent betterment of the public service; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we affirm the necessity for a state civil service law which shall place under the merit system the officers and employes in all public institutions of this state, together with all persons employed by state boards or commissions or in state offices.

That the chairman of this meeting appoint a committee to carry forward the object of the meeting, to obtain definite data of the methods in this and other states, and to prepare for submission to the next legislature a draft of a suitable bill.

That the committee be directed to co-operate wherever possible with other organizations interested in the betterment of the institutions and laws of this state.

That the organization now being formed to secure better state representation from Cook County be requested to make a definite and detailed state civil service plank an essential of their pledge and a prerequisite of their indorsement.

That the committee be directed to request the co-operation of public spirited citizens throughout the state in obtaining like pledges from candidates for the next Legislature outside of Cook County.

That the committee report the results of its work to an adjourned general meeting of citizens here present and all others interested, which shall be called for that purpose.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

Born in Sandymount, Dublin, 1866. He spent the greater part of his childhood at Sligo. He has contributed to the "National Observer" and other perodicals. Among his publications are "Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry," 1888; etc.

From "The Land of Heart's Desire."

Maire Bruin:
Come, faeries, take me out of this dull house!
Let me have all the freedom I have lost;
Work when I will and idle when I will!
Faeries, come take me out of this dull world,
For I would ride with you upon the wind,
Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
And dance upon the mountains like a flame!

Father Hart:
You cannot know the meaning of your words.

Maire Bruin:
Father, I am right weary of four tongues:
A tongue that is too crafty and too wise,
A tongue that is too godly and too grave,
A tongue that is more bitter than the tide,
And a kind tongue too full of drowsy love,
Of drowsy love and my captivity.
(Shawn Bruin comes over to her and leads her to the settee.)

Shawn Bruin:
Do not blame me; I often lie awake
Thinking that all things trouble your bright head—
How beautiful it is—such broad pale brows
Under a cloudy blossoming of hair!
Sit down beside me here—these are too old,
And have forgotten they were ever young.

Maire Bruin:
O, you are the great door-post of this house,
And I, the red nasturtium, climbing up.
(She takes Shawn's hand, but looks shyly at the priest and lets it go.)

Father Hart:
Good daughter, take his hand—by love alone
God binds us to Himself and to the hearth
And shuts us from the waste beyond His peace,
From maddening freedom and bewildering light.

Shawn Bruin:
Would that the world were mine to give it you
With every quiet hearth and barren waste,
The maddening freedom of its woods and tides,
And the bewildering light upon its hills.

Maire Bruin:
Then I would take and break it in my hands
To see you smile watching it crumble away.

Shawn Bruin:
Then I would mould a world of fire and dew
With no one bitter, grave, or over wise,
And nothing marred or old to do you wrong.
And crowd the enraptured quiet of the sky
With candles burning to your lonely face.

Maire Bruin:
Your looks are all the candles that I need.

Shawn Bruin:
Once a fly dancing in a beam of the sun,
Or the light wind blowing out of the dawn,
Could fill your heart with dreams none other knew,
But now the indissoluble sacrament
Has mixed your heart that was most proud and cold
With my warm heart for ever; and sun and moon
Must fade and heaven be rolled up like a scroll;
But your white spirit still walk by my spirit.
(A voice sings in the distance.)

Maire Bruin:
Did you hear something call? O, guard me close,
Because I have said wicked things to-night;
And seen a pale-faced child with red-gold hair,
And longed to dance upon the winds with her.

A Voice (close to the door):
The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart
And the lonely of heart is withered away,
While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh, and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart is withered away."

The People's Bank of Belgium.

Students of sociology are aware of the promising development of banks in Belgium.

The people's banks in Belgium number over 15,000 members. They made advances during the past year of nearly one hundred million francs ($20,000,000).

The dividends of the various banks ranged between 4 and 5 per cent.

The government is an active factor in the encouragement of thrift.

One of the most significant sights in the interesting old-time city, Bruges, is the workingmen and women handing in their savings of a Sunday morning to the postoffice clerk in charge of the Belgian State Funds for Savings and Old Age.—*Social Service.*

THE PULPIT.

John Ruskin's Christmas Letter to Workmen and Laborers.

A Christmas Preparation Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago, December 14, 1901.

On the first of January, 1871, John Ruskin began a series of familiar monthly letters to the workmen and laborers of Great Britain which, through all the vicissitudes of failing health, troubles and disappointments of many kinds, he continued for eight years. To these letters he gave the fantastic title of "Fors Clavigera," "Fors" forming, as he said, the best part of three good English words—*Force, Fortitude* and *Fortune.* These he interprets as: "*Force,* in humanity, means power of doing good work. A fool or a corpse can do any quantity of mischief, but only a wise and strong man can do good. *Fortitude* means the power of bearing necessary pain or trial of patience, whether it be time or temptation. *Fortune* means the necessary fate of a man the ordinance of his life which cannot be changed. To make your fortune is to rule that appointed fate to the best ends of which it is capable."

"Clavigera" may be derived from "clava," a club; "clavis," a key; "clavus," a nail or a rudder, and "gero," I carry. So, he tells us, "Clavigera" may mean the club-bearer, the key-bearer or the nail-bearer. The club-bearer might represent the force of Hercules, the power of deed; the key-bearer might mean, he tells us, the strength of Ulysses, or the power of patience; the nail-bearer, the strength of Lycurgus, the power of law. This last power he regards royal as well as legal, and "because the notablest crown yet existing in Europe of any that have been worn by Christian kings was, people say, made of a nail," he seems to incline to this last meaning, "fors," the nail-bearer, i. e., the power, patience and fate found in the eternal law of love and justice and obedience thereto.

The Twelfth Letter, that for December, 1871, was a Christmas letter. For the last six months I have been busying myself when not doing anything else with the finding, the reproduction and the fitting decoration of a copy for this letter as it was originally issued under the artistic eye and hand of this wise and gentle man.

Through the help of several friends I am now able to lay the result of this quest before you. We offer it as a Christmas souvenir to All Souls Church first and then to the friends of Ruskin and quaint literature everywhere.

Five weeks from today, health and strength permitting, I hope to return to a more general consideration of this man and these letters. Today I shall be content if I succeed in awakening your interest in this Christmas letter which John Ruskin, a favored child of genius, a man born to wealth and refinement, the most cultured man, in the best and broadest sense of that term, of his generation, wrote to the thousands of grimy toilers who in the smoke and dust of England's boasted industrial and commercial prosperity were sweating away their lives 'mid dirt and temptations that oftentimes stiffened and warped the body, stained and dwarfed the soul.

In the first place let me warn you against expecting here anything other than what it claims to be—a letter loosely written, without logical sequence, with little attempt at coherence; a letter with the free-flowing, unpremeditated style that characterizes the true letter; a spontaneous outflowing of the mind and heart of the letter-writer to the letter-receiver.

John Ruskin was a much traveled man, a master of languages, an interpreter of art and artists; so here we shall find scholarly interpretations of text and of picture, but they are incidental. Primarily we shall find a great loving heart pouring itself out, like Shelley's skylark, "in unpremeditated art" to his thousands of unresponsive fellow beings, for whose development he yearned and for whose well being he was devoting his fortune and his life, but in return for which scarcely any one of them ever made a sign.

But to appreciate this letter one must take it for what it is—a prose poem, as becomes the Christmastide, the season of poetry, the time of song, the festival of the heart. But like all true poems, it is a poem with a purpose, a thought-laden and purposeful poem.

This wise man, whose life was so ordered by fortune that merrymaking was impossible to him, at the time of writing, or, indeed, much at any time, he tells us, stands midst our gaities today, as thirty years ago, and propounds the question:

"What is it all for?"

Only children can answer fearlessly: "Because the Child Christ was born today."

The letter opens under the shadow of the great questioning spirit of our day, and he says:

"Are you sure that he was? I mean, with real happening of the strange things you have been told—that the heavens opened near him, showing their hosts, and that one of their stars stood still over his head? You are sure of that, you say? I am glad, and wish it were so with me; but I have been so puzzled lately by many matters that once seemed clear to me that I seldom now feel sure of anything. Still seldomer, however, do I feel sure of the contrary of anything. That people say they saw it, may not prove that it was visible; but that I never saw it cannot prove that it was invisible; and this is a story which I more envy the people who believe on the weakest grounds than who deny on the strongest. The people whom I envy not at all are those who imagine they believe it, and do not."

But he soon emerges from this easy doubt about angels and traveling stars into the safe affirmation that gives to the story permanent grace, for he tells us that one of two things is certainly without any manner of doubt true concerning this Christmas story: "*It relates either a fact of full power or a dream of full meaning.*" It certainly

"Is not a cunningly devised fable, but the record of an impression made, by some strange spiritual cause, on the minds of the human race at the most critical period of their existence—an impression which has produced, in past ages, the greatest effect on mankind ever yet achieved by an intellectual conception; and which is yet to guide, by the determination of its truth or falsehood, the absolute destiny of ages to come."

To us, as I suspect to Ruskin, though I will not presume to speak for him, the Bethlehem story, with the choiring angels and the message of love and good-will, has in it greater potency as "a dream full of meaning" than it could possibly have as "a fact full of power." In either interpretation his second question is pertinent:

"Why do we rejoice over this birth?"

Again the penetrating eye of Ruskin sees behind the conventional answer—"Because he came to save us from our sins!" But, says Ruskin:

"I have never noticed that you were particularly conscious of any sins to be saved from. If I were to tax you with any one in particular—lying, or thieving, or the like—my belief is you would say directly I had no business to do anything of the kind.

"Nay, but you may perhaps answer me 'That it is because we have been saved from our sins; and we are making merry because we are so perfectly good.'

"Well, there would be some reason in such an answer. There is much goodness in you to be thankful for; far more than you know, or have learned to trust. Still, I don't believe you will tell me seriously that you eat your pudding and go to your pantomimes only to express your satisfaction that you are so very good."

I leave you to read for yourselves this easy Ruskin sermon on the Christmas story. Let him tell you of the shepherds staying out in the field all night watching their flocks, and the Greek nymph from whose name the word describing them is derived, and how the word translated "angel" means in its biblical sense "messenger." Let him tell you how the angel-wings of art

and fancy have been derived, from the flying bulls of Assyria down through the flying horses of Greece and the flying evangelists of Byzantium, until we at last have a "brass eagle (of all creatures in the world to choose) to have the gospel of peace read from the back of it." Let him tell you of his interest in the blue heavens, the moon and the stars, and of his resentment against the black pall of smoke that obstructed his view at Denmark Hill, where his sky was probably clear compared to the smoke-concealed skies of Chicago. Let him tell you who the "heavenly hosts" are, and that the Lord of Sabaoth meant "Lord of all creatures, as much of the men at St. Catherine's Docks as of Saint Catherine herself, though they live only under Tower-hill, and she lived close under Sinai." Let him tell why the reading "love among men" is a more correct rendering than "goodwill towards men." Let him tell you that it might be well if for the present you thought less of praising and more of pleasing this Lord of hosts. This is the way he enforced this lesson:

"The sparrows and the robins, if you give them leave to nest as they choose about your garden, will have their own opinions about your garden; some of them will think it well laid out; others, ill. You are not solicitous about their opinions, but you like them to love each other; to build their nests without stealing each other's sticks, and to trust you to take care of them."

This Christmas letter was written in 1871, when the Prussians were devastating the homes and the farms of France, and he said, "If He were born again, in that neighborhood, there would be found no manger for Him to lie in, only ashes of mangers." We cannot read this without thinking of the mangers of South Africa and the Philippine Islands that have been burned, wherein, perchance, many Mother Marys might have been glad to cradle their sweet Jesus-babes. The inn is still too full for peasant mothers; and gunpowder, in which the Divine Presence does not tarry, is still making cow houses scarce.

You will be particularly interested, as I was, in that part of the Ruskin message that tells the English workmen that the great interest in the David descent to the shepherds was that the great king had kept sheep in that neighborhood and that a great-grandmother of David had gone gleaning hard by; that after the crucifixion, when He appeared again to her "who of all people on the earth should have known Him best," she took Him for the gardener, and when He appeared to His friends, it was as "a breaker of bread."

So a part of the Christmas joy that belongs to these laboring men is, as interpreted by Ruskin, "that the noblest human life was appointed to be by the cattle-fold and in the garden and to be known as noble in "breaking of bread."

These are some of the more pleasing but not the most profound lessons in our Christmas Letter. The story represents these foolish shepherds as coming to *see*, and having seen they went away apparently never to come again; but the Magi, the wise men, star-guided, came from afar to do Him *reverence;* they who by virtue of their wisdom were discerners of treasures, brought their best to lay in the mother's lap—gold, frankincense and myrrh, brightness, sweetness and bitterness.

The wit concerning America's one gift to the race being the "showing of men how not to worship, how never to be ashamed in the presence of anything," was written thirty years ago; it makes us wince yet. Is it more or less true now than thirty years ago? Are we still exploiting our new skill, the skill of *de*gradation? In so far as this criticism is just to America, in so far will we humbly take the reproof and turn with gratitude to Him who has reminded us again of that old Zoroastrian education, an account of which was given us "three hundred years and more before the Magi came to Bethlehem," in Xenophon's Cyropedia. When the boy prince was seven years old he began his training in horsemanship. At fourteen he was given in charge of "kingly child-guiders," four in number. These were chosen from the best of the Persians, in the prime of life; they were to be "the most wise, the most just, the most temperate and the most brave" that could be found. The wise man was to teach the prince the magic of Zoroaster, the service of the gods. The just man was to teach the young prince to speak truth all his life through. The temperate man was to teach him not to be conquered by a single pleasure, for a king must be free, master of all things within himself, a slave to none. And the brave man was to teach him to be dreadless of all things, for "whoever is afraid is a slave."

What shall we be merry over at Christmas time? Thirty years ago Ruskin asked if they would be merry over

"The increase in the quantity of disposable malt liquor and tobacco, one great fact, better than all devices. Mr. Lowe has, indeed, says the *Times* of June 5, done the country good service, by placing before it, in a compendious form, the statistics of its own prosperity. * * * The twenty-two millions of people of 1825 drank barely nine millions of barrels of beer in the twelve months; our thirty-two millions now living drink all but twenty-six millions of barrels. The consumption of spirits has increased also, though in nothing like the same proportion; but whereas sixteen million pounds of tobacco sufficed for use in 1825, as many as forty-one million pounds are wanted now. By every kind of measure, therefore, and on every principle of calculation, the growth of our prosperity is established."

After these thirty years, beer, spirits and tobacco are more than ever at our command. Shall we make merry over this and the pleasure-giving indulgences that belong to them, or shall we strive to give thanks for so much of light as has come to us through the babe which the story tells us curious shepherds stared at and the wise man made reverence to? "These lessons and promises are at least found in this story," says Ruskin:

"There may be infinitely more than I know; but there is certainly this:

"The Child is born to bring you the promise of new life. Eternal or not, is no matter; pure and redeemed, at least.

"He is born twice on your earth; first, from the womb, to the life of toil; then, from the grave, to that of rest.

"To his first life he is born in a cattle-shed, the supposed son of a carpenter; and afterwards brought up to a carpenter's craft."

These are some of the lessons of the Christ-child that draw all the truly wise and truly noble:

"Not to see, nor talk, but to do reverence. They are neither curious nor talkative, but submissive.

"And, so far as they came to teach, they came as teachers of one virtue only—obedience. For of this Child, at once Prince and Servant, Shepherd and Lamb, it was written: 'See, mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth. He shall not strive, nor cry, till he shall bring forth judgment unto victory.'

"My friends of the black country, you may have wondered at my telling you so often—I tell you nevertheless once more, in bidding you farewell this year—that one main purpose of the education I want you to seek is that you may see the sky, with the stars of it, again, and be enabled in their material light—*'riveder le stelle.'*

"But much more, out of this blackness of the smoke of the Pit, the blindness of heart, in which the children of Disobedience blaspheme God and each other, heaven grant to you the vision of that sacred light, at pause over the place where the young Child was laid; and ordain that more and more in each coming Christmas it may be said of you, 'When they saw the Star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.'"

Thus ends the Christmas message of John Ruskin, but this letter records more than a message, something that goes deeper than phrases and higher than the most winged words. He begins by telling them that they will not care to read anything he may have to say at this time; he hopes they will be absorbed in the prospect of delightful days to come next week, but at least they will be glad to know that he has given them a Christmas gift of seven thousand pounds, a fair tithe of what he owned at that time. This gift of thirty-five thousand dollars is something worth while to interpret

our Christmas season by. Let us note the giver, the recipient and the object.

Who gave it?

The man who of all men in England at that time, perhaps of all men in the world, had the keenest appreciation of what money would bring. He loved the beautiful in architecture, in sculpture, in painting and in drama. He loved to travel. His was an exquisite nature, finely strung to high pleasures, and still out of his life he gives this thirty-five thousand dollars.

To whom?

As already intimated, to the hard-handed men of toil, to day-laborers, hewers of wood and carriers of water, the slaves of the mine and the mill, those with whom he had no personal touch, no lines of kinship.

What did he give it for?

So far as it lay in his power to dictate—

"For the purchase of land in England and Scotland which shall be cultivated to the utmost attainable fruitfulness and beauty by the labor of man and beast thereon, such men and beasts receiving at the same time the best education attainable by the trustees for laboring creatures according to the terms stated in this book, 'Fors Clavigera.'"

It is impossible to convey in a sermon the large, far-reaching purpose. He wanted to bring sunlight into darkened homes, skill into clumsy fingers, thought into darkened minds. Out of years of brooding came his scheme of the St. George's Guild, the Bond of Union of which was our Christmas souvenir of a year ago, and which your children, those that you give us in the Sunday School, recite in beautiful concert every Sunday. He invited these British workmen to trust with him in the law of kindness, in the nobleness of human nature; not to give needless pain to any living creature, not to destroy wantonly any beautiful thing, and to guard and to perfect all natural beauty on the earth. He called upon them to obey the laws of their country, to "strive daily to raise body and soul into higher powers of duty and happiness," and to "labor with such strength as was given them for their daily bread, and whatever their hands found to do, to do with their might."

To the establishment of this St. George's Guild he consecrated his thirty-five thousand dollars, a tithe of all that was left him of what was for those days a large fortune, all of which was consecrated to the service of the beautiful.

This is not the place to tell the story of that experiment that was the object of so much ridicule and coarse cynicism. But on the lowest tests it will be hard to show an investment of thirty-five thousand dollars in England or America from that time to this that has brought forth such large results as this Christmas gift of John Ruskin to the laboring men of England in 1871. Failing health, the faithlessness of the competent, who might have helped him, the inevitable mistakes that are always the price paid for success farther on, interfered with the prompt returns and the obvious success which never comes but to cheap ventures and low designs. But the Sheffield Museum, the various triumphs in industrial education all over the world, the success of Octavia Hill in administering his London property, and the movement towards better tenements in the cities of Europe and America have all more or less direct relation to this Christmas gift of John Ruskin.

But it was not the thirty-five thousand dollars that represents the supreme contribution of John Ruskin to these causes. He had dollars, and he gave them; but more, he had genius. He was poet and artist, critic and scholar, a teacher of rare endowment, a lecturer of marvelous persuasiveness, a writer of incomparable English, and these all he gave to the world; he gave himself, and though to him was denied most of what is esteemed as desirable in life—a man of feeble health, a hungry heart that was never satisfied with the fullness of reciprocal love, dreams of usefulness and harmony that were mocked by the grim surroundings and the hard actual, and still his life was one of the most pervasive and continuous of the century. When professor of fine arts in Oxford, a suburban road over which the students had to travel was in shocking condition and the municipality had no funds. John Ruskin organized his art students into a road mending band, and they plied the pick and the shovel, the hoe and the roller. Let the cynical world have its laugh and say that the road was not much mended, but the foreman of the "road gang" was Arthur Toynbee, who established "Toynbee Hall" in east London, the first in that apostolic succession of which the "Hull House," the "Commons," the "Helen Heath" and every settlement in England and America are the successors.

But even this does not represent the highest line of Ruskin's continuity. It was John Ruskin that fired the heart of William Morris; it was Ruskin who defended the enthusiasm of that wonderful preraphaelite school of art, the Rossettis, Burne-Jones, Watts and the rest of them. He persuaded the thinking world that there was a *"Social Question"* and set genius ablaze with a determination to grapple with it. His candle lit the torch in Tolstoy's hand in far off Russia, and the Ruskin candle with more or less clearness today lights up every class room and pulpit in the civilized world.

Here, then, is the sublime interpretation of the Christmas story which John Ruskin has given us, not the dainty conceits in his textual interpretations of which I have given you a hint, beautiful as they are; not the munificent gift of thirty-five thousand dollars to industrial education and social co-operation, valuable as that was; not the pitying impulse which has led a few favored people to go and live among the less favored and to administer a little more wisely the dole of the rich to the poor; but the giving of his intellect, the contagion of his soul on far lines and for high things. The poor man had little of the "Merry Christmas," but he had something infinitely better—a blessed Christmas. Let no one in this presence, then, expect the Christmas benediction in return for candy bags and toys freely distributed; for books, pictures and dresses showered upon their own wives and children. John Ruskin only imperfectly did his duty, as he well knew, and any one of us who does less than he did, does so much less than our duty. What is our duty? To consecrate all that we have, in money and mind, in health and heart, for the highest things we know of, to project our bounty on longest lines and to sell our lives as highly as we can, giving the whole proceeds to that continued life of ourselves that stays on the earth in human institutions, human society and human lives.

The Dawn of Peace.

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,
  And beat your brands to dust!
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
  Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,
  And break the helmet bar;
A noise is in the morning wind,
  But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
  The glittering hosts increase—
They come! They come! How fair their feet!
  They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
  Our enemies are ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light,
  And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew!
But wait a little while
And with the radiant deathless rose
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing
Shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,
Nor nestling from the nest.

—*John Ruskin.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,

Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

IX.

The Death of Sarah and the Choice of a Family Tomb.

By this time, as you will see, Abraham and Sarah had become very old. And in those days, according to the stories that have come down to us, people used to live a good deal longer than they do at the present time. Abraham and Sarah were, both of them, as we are told, over a hundred years old. And now, just as the boy Isaac was growing up into young manhood, his mother died at the age of one hundred and twenty-seven.

We can hardly realize all this nowadays. We can be sure that Abraham was very sad over the loss of his wife, and must have shed many tears. It came very hard for him to part with her in his old age, although it was not quite so great a blow to him now, because he had a boy, Isaac; and he remembered the promise that had been made to him, how, through him and his family, some time in the future all the world was to be blessed.

But the time had come for him to choose a family tomb or burying place. Up to the present it would seem as if he had thought nothing about it. If he had been back in his old home in the land of the Chaldees, where he had been born, it would have been easy enough to have found a suitable tomb for his family.

But, you see, here he was, alone with his flocks and herds and the people around him—the herdsmen and their families—but, for the most part, among strangers who had been living in Canaan long before he had come there. It was necessary, therefore, that he should go to them and arrange to have them allow him a burial place in their land. And so he spoke to them in these words: "I am a stranger and a sojourner near you; give me possession of a burying place with you that I may bury my dead."

You notice Abraham was inclined always to have very modest manners. He always spoke humbly, as you remember. He did not put himself forward or talk boastfully, or act as if he had a right there, because he was a man of great wealth. He went to these people in a simple manner, therefore, and told them his need, asking them that they would grant his request. I suppose it was this way that Abraham had which caused him to be so successful and prosperous there, and led him to make so few enemies. It was plain that the people among whom he was a stranger thought very highly of him, because this is what they said in reply: "Hear us now; thou art a mighty prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchers, bury thy dead; none of us hath withheld from thee his sepulchre; take the one thou desirest."

I am sure this must have pleased Abraham very much, that these people among whom he had been a stranger should speak so kindly to him; and he must have been more than glad that he had always been modest and humble in his conduct towards them during all the years he had lived there. It must have been a great happiness to him in this bereavement, to know that he had friends all around him who felt kindly toward him.

And so he thought over the matter for quite a while as to just where he would like to have a sepulchre for his family, in which he should lay the body of his wife Sarah away. It was a very important matter to him, because now he thought of his family in future times, and how the place he might choose would become the family tomb. At last he made up his mind and said to the people: "If it be your mind that I should bury my dead in this land, then hear me and entreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zoar, that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, which is in the end of his field; for the full price let him give it to me in the midst of you for a possession of a burying place."

And so they went to Ephron and told him the desire of Abraham; how this prince and stranger amongst them desired the cave of Machpelah in the field belonging to him. It may be that Ephron had wished to keep this cave for himself as a tomb for his own family. But he was generous about it, and was quite willing to give it up. A large number of people had come together and were assembled at the gates of one of their cities in Canaan waiting to hear the reply which he would make to Abraham. And this is what he said to Abraham: "My Lord, hear me. The field give I thee, and the cave that is therein, I give it to thee; in the presence of the sons of my people give I it to thee; bury thy dead."

Then, as we are told, Abraham bowed himself down before the people of the land. He felt very much pleased, indeed, over the kindness on the part of Ephron. He wanted somehow to show his gratitude—at least to pay something for the land which was given to him. And so he said to Ephron: "If thou wilt, pray thee hear me: I will give the price of the field; take it of me, and I will bury my dead there."

I fancy that Ephron would rather have given the land outright to Abraham, and not received any money for it at all. But he saw that Abraham wanted to pay for it, and would feel happier if allowed to do so. The money was nothing to him, as he had wealth enough already; but he was going to act in the same spirit of kindness with which he had begun, and so he said to Abraham: "My Lord, hearken unto me: a piece of land worth four hundred shekels of silver—what is that betwixt me and thee? Bury, therefore, thy dead."

This made it all right, and everything was satisfactory between the two men. And Abraham hearkened unto Ephron, and he weighed out the silver which had been named to him, four hundred shekels of silver. And in this way the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders thereof round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession, before all that went in at the gate of the city.

Now Abraham was ready to bury the body of his dear wife Sarah. He had found a family tomb and was to place the body away in the cave in the field of Machpelah, in the Land of Canaan; and the field and the cave that is therein were made sure unto Abraham ever after as a burying place for his family.

To THE TEACHER: The story is introduced mainly because it forms a part of the general narrative. If you can do so, emphasize the gentle spirit of Abraham and the beautiful relationship between him and the people of the country. Show how he displayed the right spirit as a stranger in not being arrogant because he was very rich and powerful. Emphasize the evil of arrogance.

MEMORY VERSES.—*I am a stranger and sojourner near you; give me possession of a burying place with you that I may bury my dead.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

From C. M. Clark, publisher, of Boston, I have received "Blennerhasset," by Charles Felton Pidgin. This is a most extraordinary book everyway. It is exceedingly interesting and exceedingly provoking. I am sorry it was written at all, if it is not to be rewritten. It contains good writing, and many of the chapters are brilliant, and historically useful. But I doubt the legal, as well as the moral, right of any man to pervert history under the guise of a novel. He is doing inestimable damage, by establishing a popular false impression of public men and events. A right sort of historical novel is of eminent value—such as Scott and Kingsley wrote—novels which are far from being history, but which correctly illustrate history. That is quite different from a deliberate arraignment of our noblest men for dastardly crimes. Never in the history of American literature was a more unwarranted falsehood invented than the charge that Thomas Jefferson deliberately plotted to inveigle Aaron Burr into treason in the Southwest in order to have an excuse to arrest and execute him. Such a hell-plot ought not to be assigned to even Burr himself. Alexander Hamilton was a political plotter, and did devise a Southwestern expedition; but the bitterest enemy of Hamilton would not lay to his charge a cool purpose to bring about such a destruction of a political foe. The author very well knows, or ought to know, that there is not a shadow of proof to sustain such an aspersion on Thomas Jefferson. Where goes American fiction when it is used to blackmail the most illustrious of our dead? The book should be spurned by an indignant public.

From the Knickerbocker Press of G. P. Putnam's Sons I am in receipt of The Mohawk Valley—Its Legends, and Its History, the work of Jas. Reed. Here, I think, is the finest holiday book in the list. The Mohawk Valley has for centuries been the seat of American Empire. It was that long before the whites came. Here the great Republic of Hiawatha was founded—a republic that came but little short of being the American Union of Red Men. If the whites had not come for another hundred years, it is not improbable that they would have found The United States of America—or United Tribes of America. This republic was composed of five nations; it adopted a sixth. It could thus increase by adoption to any extent. Its governmental organism was complex, complete and admirable. It had its War Department and its Civic Department. This book of Mr. Reid's not only covers a wonderful territory, but is admirably well told. In printing and illustration the book is sumptuous. It is a model of that sort of historical investigation which must go on all over America. No publisher in the United States has a keener and more intellectual sympathy with a valuable author than Mr. Putnam. So it happens that from that house comes books that are practically the joint products of writer and publisher.

Another book from the same publisher is French Life in Town and Country. This is one of a series on Our European Neighbors. If the rest of the series is as valuable as this one, they should be very widely disseminated. This volume is packed full of interest to intelligent readers.

A New Catechism is sent us from the Open Court Publishing Company, the work of our friend and coworker, M. M. Mangasarian. The remarkable thing about this catechism is that it tells the truth. It manages to tell a good deal of the truth. I think I haven't laughed as heartily recently as during the perusal of this startling volume. I do not mean it is a book to be made light of, but that truth-telling where we have been accustomed all our lives to lies is sometimes amusing.

D. Appleton & Co. send us two first-rate books, one on China, by James Harrison Wilson, L. L. D., also Major general U. S. Volunteers, and The Apostles of the Southeast, by Frank T. Bullen, whom we remember by that delightful book, The Cruise of the Cachalot. This book is not equal in fascination to his first production, but it is really one of the best books of the holidays. It is pure in tone, fresh, bright and invigorating; and morally one of the best volumes to be placed in the hands of the young.

Silver, Burdett & Co. place on the table a volume, by Prof. E. H. Johnson, of Crozer Theological Seminary, entitled "The Religious Use of the Imagination." This is a bold book, put forth in a modest way. It will be impossible to thoroughly review it in the space at my command. Unfortunately a brief notice cannot do it justice. I can only say that he has taken up a subject that specially needs discussion, and has given us a thoroughly valuable book. Dr. Johnson is a liberal in spirit, but honestly orthodox in a *part* of his creed. That is the best I can say for him, for it is impossible at present to find in our theological seminaries a single teacher who does not feel at liberty to let up on at least a part of the standards of faith. In this volume I find but one sharp statement of the old faith: where the author says that "it is possible to affirm the fact that Christ had no human father, and that by virtue of what He was and is, what He bore, and did, and does, He has made every provision required by the holy nature of God, or the fallen estate of man, to deliver men from the power and penalties of sin." Nearly every page of the book flashes out with something peculiarly bright and startling. I find myself jotting on the margin, "Can you let the imagination into the spiritual world to define what ought to be believed? Is there any harm in Golden Streets; or in this author's fatherless Jesus; or in the delicious angelology of popular imagination?" I must answer myself, that it all depends upon whether this sort of notions gets formulated into a creed, to be enforced upon other people. If you will let my own imagination have free play, I shall probably construct a satisfactory system for my own private needs. However, I am conscious that I am doing nothing in the way of justly placing a thoroughly valuable book before my readers. By all means read it.

Sir Richard Calmady is the title selected, and Lucas Malet is the pseudonymn, by some one, who is reputed to be the daughter of our old friend, Charles Kingsley. I think I met this lady some years ago with her father in St. Louis. The book is certainly not exactly what we would expect from a Kingsley, yet it is strong, vigorous and purposeful. I propose to give it a thorough reading and a farther notice in due season. It will be a good thing if it calls attention once more to the work of her father. Let us sweep aside the rubbish which has no other claim but novelty and revert to such books as Hypathia, Westward Ho, Two Years Ago, and those other noble volumes which one generation ago turned the tide of the age. I have read enough of the book. If I were to live as long as Methuseleh I should possibly have time to waste on this sort of stuff. Bah! it leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

E. P. Powell.

The Control of Trusts.*

The repetitions and lack of logical sequence in this little volume can be readily excused since as the author admits it is rather a compilation of former magazine articles than a book "written *de nova*." Prof. Clarke, who has already attained considerable prominence as a lucid writer on economic subjects, does not think the old competitive system an ideal one. He be-

*The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth avenue. Net 60 cents. By John Bates Clarke, Professor in Columbia College.

lieves the trusts have come to stay, and that they have many economic advantages over the old go-as-you-please competitive system. He would retain the good and abolish or restrain the evil in them.

He is very clear as to what he would not do to control trusts. He would not have sweeping tariff reforms though admitting that some reform is necessary. Limiting the size of corporations by law, fixing the price at which products shall be sold, excessive taxation, state socialism, are not practicable remedies.

Briefly, he would protect the investor and incidentally the consumer by some plan of publicity, a proposition which is rapidly growing in favor evidently. The consuming public he would protect by fostering in every possible way the rights and opportunities of the independent manufacturer and producer. In other words, competition alone is in his judgment able to curb the power and pretensions of the trusts. He would not prevent centralization of capital, but would rather encourage it. But he would draw the teeth of the trust so that its power to injure and drive out its smaller competitor would be reduced. He would do this, first, by preventing railroad discriminations in freight charges and otherwise. Secondly, by prohibiting by law, with severe penalties, "local cutting of prices," and the predatory breaking of a scale of prices, by which methods the trust now kills its commercial competitor.

Optimistic as the professor is that these things will safeguard the independent competitor and thus keep the trust within bounds, one feels that the proposed cure will be difficult of realization. However it is a suggestive little volume of some 88 pages, and well worth a careful consideration. R. H. W.

An Hour With Publishers' Catalogs and Notes.

How extensive is this industry of book-making, how diligent are its representatives, how skillful and insinuating is their advertising! This can be realized only when one stops an hour to run through the catalogs and announcements that are showered upon an editorial table before Christmas time. And this hour is by no means unprofitable, and certainly not uninteresting. Here are some hints of the tantalizing temptations that come from turning over the leaves of these catalogs:

The Century Company.

Ordinarily we think of this firm as engaged in publishing one of the most attractive of monthlies, but here is a beautiful pamphlet of thirty-six pages, containing the titles of books of permanent merit and charming workmanship; among which we notice Hans Christian Andersen and Bunyan in five-dollar editions, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's "English Cathedrals"; a whole page is given to Dr. Weir Mitchell's books, fifteen in number; two new books on women, i. e., "Women in the Golden Ages" and "Women and the Law"; eighteen books in the "Thumb-Nail Series," including R. W. Gilder's "Gem Passages from Lincoln's Speeches and Letters," "Rab and His Friends," "Marcus Aurelius," etc., etc.; four new hand books, including John Muir's "The Mountains of California" and Maurice Thompson's "My Winter Garden." Here are old classics, like "Franklin's Biography" and Kingsley's "Hypatia," three or four pages of new novels, which we cannot stop to count; ten books of political economy, including President Gilman's "University Problems" and Carnegie's "Gospel of Wealth"; a page of "Books for Girls," and another of "Books for Boys," dangerously attractive; another page of "Patriotic Books for Young Folks."

At last we come upon the page of dictionaries and atlases.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

They advertise their "Ten Epochs of Church History," edited by John Fulton; "An Historical Series for Bible Students," edited by Professors Kent and Sanders of Yale (in course of publication), to which such men as J. H. Breasted, Rush Rhees and George D. Purves are contributors.

M'Clure, Phillips & Co.

They advertise three Lincoln books, among which is Miss Tarbel's "Life," one of the most attractive and the most sumptuous in the long list of "Lives"; a rival translation of Tolstoi's "Anna Karenin," George Adam Smith's "Life of Henry Drummond," Conan Doyle's "The Great Boer War," and many other books of current war and strife. They publish also Prof. John Dewey's "School and Society."

Little, Brown & Co.

The list of this house now contains the publications of the Roberts Bros., a house that for so many years represented much that was best in American thought and literature. It takes one hundred and twenty-eight pages to set forth their treasures, among which are the writings of Miss Alcott Parkman, the English translations of Balzac, a discouraging amount of "Children's Books," and seven or eight "New Works of Fiction." In their list is to be found Francesca Alexander's "Hidden Servants," charming Italian stories told in limpid verse by the author of "Ida" and the friend of John Ruskin.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Every time we run across this firm name there is a stiffening of the intellectual backbone, a spasm of anxiety concerning our mental drapery and intellectual outfit, so manfully has this house stood by brave thinkers and clear writers for so long a time. They give the last of Lyman P. Powell's "Historic Towns" this year, being "The Towns of the Western States." Prince Kropotkin finds a publisher in them for his "Fields, Factories and Workshops." The day of the cat seems to be coming in literature; they publish Miss Margaret Benson's "The Soul of a Cat and Other Stories." The writings of Prof. George Lansing Raymond are being exploited by this house; no less than seven of them are in their series.

The Macmillan Company.

The story of the rise of the Macmillan house in London and New York is not only an indispensable chapter in the story of culture, but it must be a striking story in modern industry. The New York house is one of the American business ventures that has sprung up by the white, or is it black, magic of modern industrialism. Its activities are perhaps more often represented in these columns than those of any other publishing house. This is explained by two facts. First. They publish books we like. Second. They seem to have found out our liking, and think it worth while to humor our taste. In their long list of announcements we will look for no book with more interest than Mr. Homer Folks' book on "The Care of Destitute, Neglected and Delinquent Children," the first in a series on "American Philanthropy of the Nineteenth Century." "The Benefactress" is a promised book by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Professor Royce has a new book coming, "The World and the Individual—Nature, Man and the Moral Order." They are the publishers of Leslie Stephens' "Letters of John Richard Green," a notable contribution.

Cassell & Co.

The leaning of this house is toward art works. They publish "The National Portrait Gallery," books on "Chinese Porcelain," "British Sculpture," "Marine Painting," "Butterflies and Moths." They have a high-priced illustrated book of "Poultry," a work on "Automobiles"; but they also have a book on "Nursing Sick Infants," "Bo-Peep, a Treasury for the Little Ones," and "Strange Adventures in Dicky-Bird Land," "Stories Told by Mother Birds to Amuse Their Chicks and Overheard by R. Kerton," illustrated my photos. Perhaps it is not saying too much that the Kerton brothers discovered the art of hunting with a camera, and their feats of skill and daring in this hunting rival the most exciting and dangerous achievements of the man with the gun and the trap. We have so enjoyed some of their pictures that we should like to see this book. This house also publishes a long list of "Practical Manuals" in the manual training line. Their catalog requires a book of forty pages.

A. C. M'Clurg & Co.

It becomes Chicago still to be modest in its literary claims, although in this as in other respects its advocates are not backward in coming forward with striking claims. But certainly this house has passed the experimental stage, and it has a catalog of its own publications that commands respect. William Morton Payne, George Horton and Mary Hartwell Catherwood are among the writers that have passed the boundaries of

local fame. All these are represented in this year's list. David Starr Jordan's promised "Life of Herbert Spencer" will doubtless be one of the events in the book trade of 1902.

Small, Maynard & Co.

This is a young house that deserves success and has the best wishes of all believers that the fountains of inspiration are not exhausted, that "the best is yet to be," or, in homelier phrase, that "there are as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught." Their series of "Beacon Biographies" again commands our attention and respect. Among those promised for next year are books to be devoted to Longfellow, Edwin Booth, Professor Morse, of telegraph fame, and others.

James Pott & Co.

This house in New York is a place where Bibles and prayer-books are to be found in rare and varied editions. As is fitting, they publish a rare line of spiritual classics, little great books, like Sir Thomas Brown's "Religio-Medici," Beckford's "Vathek" and Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature." In another series comes Ruskin's "King of the Golden River" and "Rab and His Friends," "The Faith That Makes Faithful," etc.

The University of Chicago Press.

More and more do the great universities come back to the appointed vocation of producing books and of conserving literature. This University announces for the year important studies in various departments, among which are "Municipal Administration in Germany," by Professor James; "The School and Society," by Dr. Dewey; "A Series of Ancient Records," to be edited by Dr. Harper; "Part I. Records of Assyria and Babylonia"; "Part II. Records of Egypt," and "Part III. Records of Palestine." A work on "Russian Political Institutions" and "Studies in the Priestly Elements of the Old Testament" are also announced.

D. Appleton & Co.

It is a sign of the times to see a growing list of Spanish books in the announcements of this publishing house. Among the titles we find "*Elemento de Arithmetica*" and "*Geografia Fisica Superior Illustrado de Appleton.*" Here is "Marco Polo, the Great Traveler," brought down to date in the "Home Reading Series," and here is "Commercial Geography," by Cyrus C. Adams. And here is announced the beginning of an Appleton's "World Series," of which "Britain and the North Atlantic" and "The Nearer East" are the first two volumes, both written by Oxford men.

The Grafton Press.

This is a new applicant for a place among publishers. The short list offered is a promising one, and the house that starts out with such books as John Albee's "Remembrances of Emerson," G. Frederick Scwartz's "Forest Trees and Forest Scenery," Charles L. Hammond's "About the Bible," and Bishop Spalding's "God in the Soul and Other Poems" deserve success.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

No publishing house in America has such a descent as this. Fields, Ticknor and Osgood are names to conjure by in the book realm, and "The Atlantic Monthly," Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Parkman, Norton, Fiske are all sheltered in this apostolic succession. This year John Fiske and C. C. Everett, though dead, yet speak in their list. Scudder's "Biography of Lowell," Lanciani's "New Tales of Old Rome," John Muir's "Our National Park," Lyman Abbott's "Rights of Man" and Chestnutt's "Marrow of Tradition" are offered as contributions to the solution of the question, Is the literary primacy of this house—aye, of Boston—still secure?

Charles E. Lauriat & Co.

For old, rare and elegant editions of standard authors commend us to this house, judging from the announcements at hand. Here are hundred-dollar Chaucers, twenty-dollar Wordsworths, sixty-dollar Hallams, Green's "English History" at sixty-five dollars, an eighty-five dollar Browning, seventeen volumes, English edition. If you are going to be extravagant and indulge in elegance and costliness anywhere, for conscience's sake let it be in the realm of books.

Hall & Locke Co.

"Tell it not in Gath and speak it not in Askelon," but the above firm is busily at work in preparing "A Young Folks' Library" in twenty volumes, with T. B. Aldrich as editor in chief and a long list of eminent men as editors. This is a fearful bribe to youth. Why should the youth be burdened with a library for themselves? Perhaps the best reason is that such a library will tempt the reading of it by folks not so "awfully" young.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—In what we call religion, hope is progressive .

MON.—The angels come from below the Son of Man as well as from above him.

TUES.—Mothers, your heart is the first Paradise to every little child God gives you.

WED.—The question to solve, in trying to make a good man of your boy, is not how to subdue him, but how to direct him.

THURS.—Hope is something that means to open the eyes wide, and watch for what is to come.

FRI.—This present, personal-bounded life is but faintly understood, it is so poor in comparison with what shall come out of it, if we are steady to its great central purpose.

SAT.—A new hope opens the soul afresh to earth and heaven, starts all sorts of new energies and activities, and being a new life, makes a new man.

ROBERT COLLYER.

Christmas in Sweden.

They tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the sea,
How, when the King of Glory lay on His mother's knee,
Before the Prophet-princes came, bringing gifts in hand,
the dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not understand!

The gentle, patient donkey and the ox that trod the corn
Knelt down beside the manger, and knew that Christ was born.
And so *they say in Sweden,* at twelve, each Christmas night,
The dumb beasts kneel to worship and see the Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care,
They give them Christmas greeting, and dainty Christmas fare;
The cat and dog sup gaily, *and a sheaf of golden corn*
It raised above the roof-tree for the birds on Christmas morn!

We do not live in Sweden, but we can feed the birds,
And make dumb creatures happy by kindly deeds and words.
No animal so humble, no creeping worm so small,
But that the God who made us has made and loves them all!
If we to them are cruel, like Christ we cannot be!
And this shall be our lesson from our dear Christmas tree!

—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

Bobby's Sling.

Bobby was lying on the bank, thinking what to do next. He had used his sling against several cats and sent them in frantic haste beyond his reach, had brought down a robin with a well-directed shot, and had sent Tommy into the house with a red spot on his face and a protesting howl. Besides that, he had driven a bluebird from its nest, broken a window, and ruffled the unusually even temper of his big chum, Towser. Now he was wondering what he should do next, for it still lacked an hour of school time.

He was a bad boy, you say? Well, perhaps circumstantial evidence indicated that; but his mother was in position to judge, and she did not think so. Was he not prompt in doing his chores, and cheerful and willing in accepting extra work? and did he not insist on helping her wash dishes and sweep and carry water? Sometimes she spoke severely of his "cruel sport"; but in her heart she substituted another word for it, thoughtlessness.

The sunlight lay warm upon the bank, and presently he saw two bugs climbing a tiny slope that was bare of grass. He reached out for a pebble to throw; but none was within reach, and the game was not worth the exertion of rising. So he lay there and watched.

He was not quite sure about the bugs, but thought they were the kind that papa told of, carrying such great weights. If so, they must be regular giants of strength; and this thought brought more interest into his eyes.

One of them was lagging behind the other, and moving with a slow, halting motion, as though partly disabled. Perhaps he had tried to lift a mountain and the mountain had fallen on him and broken his leg.

Bobby chuckled at the idea, and moved a little, so he could see better; for now the foremost bug had turned back to his companion, with whom he appeared to be in earnest consultation.

In changing his position, Bobby's hand came in contact with a pebble; but he merely pushed it aside instead of picking it up to throw. He wanted to see what the bugs were going to do. And then a very curious thing happened.

The bit of slope had become too steep for the disabled bug to climb; and his companion, as though appreciating the situation, seemed to be studying some way out of the difficulty. Presently he moved to a position in front of his friend, and flattened himself as closely as possible to the ground. After a little hesitation the disabled bug climbed by slow and painful degrees upon his back, and was borne up the slope and into the grass.

Bobby gave a low, expressive whistle, then lay back upon the grass, and gazed long and earnestly at a cloud that was floating overhead. At length he rose slowly, and did not even look at the grass where the bugs had disappeared. Down upon the lawn he could see a slight fluttering. It was the robin he had hurt, and he went down and caught the bird in spite of its dazed efforts to get away. He carried it into the house to his mother.

"I shot it, mamma," he said simply, but with an odd little note in his voice which made her look at him quickly. "Don't you suppose we can fix it up again all right? I don't think anything is broken. It's only stunned."

She took the bird, and examined it critically. "Yes, I think we can bring it round all right," she said at length. "No bones seem to be broken. It is probably stunned. See, its eyes are beginning to look brighter already. What"—

She did not finish the sentence. Instead she turned her back to Bobby, and appeared to be re-examining the bird. She had seen him open the stove, and drop his sling into the flames.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Newsboy's Sermon.

He was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction in a way that showed him well used to the business and of a temperament not easily daunted.

The train started while he was making change, and the conductor, passing him, laughed.

"Caught this time, Joe!" he said. "You'll have to run to Fourteenth street."

"Don't care," laughed Joe, in return. "I can sell all the way back again."

A white-haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy, and questioned him concerning his way of living and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it seemed. "Jimmie" was lame, and "couldn't earn much himself."

"Ah, I see! That makes it hard—you could do better alone."

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant.

"No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to—he's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck if nobody was glad or of gittin' things if there was nobody to divide with?"

"Fourteenth street!" called the conductor, and as the newsboy plunged out into the gathering dust the old gentleman remarked, "I've heard many a poorer sermon than that!"—*Exchange.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Christmas Tide.

Oh, the Christmas chimes and the holiday times,
And the friends far out to sea,
And the gleaming sail in the moonlight pale,
As they all drift back to me.

From the ebb and flow of the long ago,
They all sweep in with the tide;
In storm and calm, with prayer or psalm,
A care or a grief beside.

The friend who goes with the bloom of the rose,
And the friends who will but stay
In the sunlit hours or the fitful showers.
And float with the April away.

And the friends, so few, who are stanch and true,
When the gale and the tempest smite;
And the friend we meet by chance, and greet,
And the ones we "pass in the night."

From near and from far, to my harbor bar,
They come from the East and West;
And over the years and across the tears,
And anchor awhile, and rest.

And a shining band from the unknown land,
With an angel at the prow;
A glittering host, whom I loved the most,
Are beckoning to me now.

And they seem to shine with a glow divine,
As they drift to my haven nigh,
From a luminous veil, a celestial trail—
But they always pass me by.

And weary and tos't for my loved and lost,
My heart cries "Come and stay";
But they beckon and smile to me erewhile,
And melt in the misty gray.

Oh, the Christmas chimes and the holiday times,
And the friends far out to sea;
And the gleam of a sail in the moonlight pale,
As they all drift in to me.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

Unitarian Notes.

Western Conference Directors.—A directors' meeting was held Tuesday, December 10, at 2 p. m. Present: Miss Buck, Mrs. Perkins, Messrs. Hull, Backus, Effinger, Pulsford, Lazenby, Wilder and Southworth. The business in hand was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary. Mr. Southworth reported that at the request of the directors the Associate Alliance had voted at its last meeting to appoint a committee to solicit hospitality. A letter was read from Dr. Collyer, accepting the invitation extended him to preach the conference sermon. The report of the committee upon the general plan of the celebration was adopted. This plan provides for a session beginning with the conference sermon on Tuesday evening, and closing with a banquet under the auspices of the Unitarian Club on Thursday evening. The meetings will be held in May, with the First Unitarian Society of Chicago.

The final payment on the indebtedness of the conference has been made.

Associate Alliance.—A regular meeting of the Associate Alliance was held at the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago, Tuesday, December 5. The attendance was unusually large. Miss Addams gave an address on "The Church and the Social Settlement." It dealt in Miss Addams' inimitable way with a large theme—a mighty human need which the church and the settlement each in its own way is endeavoring to meet, and, although Miss Addams told us that the settlement had been overrated, it was the opinion of her hearers that under her leadership the social settlement in this city was becoming an ally of the church of growing importance. Miss Addams was followed by Mrs. E. C. Dudley, Rev. R. F. Johonnot, Rev. E. C. Smith and Rev. Jasper L. Douthit.

Hinsdale, Ill.—The coming of Rev. E. C. Smith to this place has been attended with a large increase of members and interest in Unity Church. Mr. Smith preached his first sermon November 10.

Sioux City Iowa.—Rev. J. D. O. Powers is on the field and hard at work. A reception was tendered Mr. Powers at the home of Mr. G. B. Healy November 30, at which more than 200 people were present. The fraternity of Western ministers, as well as the Sioux City Church, will welcome Mr. Powers with open arms. His work has had an auspicious beginning in Sioux City.

Lansing, Mich.—One of the daily papers of this city announced the resignation of Rev. W. W. Hunt, a young and popular preacher, early in the summer, on the ground that he could no longer conscientiously repeat the Apostles' creed. The notice fell under the eye of Secretary St. John, and was forwarded to the Western secretary. The result was a long interview early in the fall between the Western secretary and Mr. Hunt. Since then Mr. Hunt has preached in several of our churches, and has just accepted a call to this historic church at Bangor, Me.

Rock Rapids, Iowa.—The People's Church of this city has unanimously voted to come with its minister, Rev. A. J. Williams, into Unitarian fellowship. They have recently erected a new building, and are doing an institutional work. Let us make them welcome.

Foreign Notes.

THE MEMORIAL CHURCH OF THE PROTEST AT SPEYER.—Under the auspices of the Historical Museum of the Reformation a public illustrated lecture on the "Beginnings of the Reform in Geneva, 1532-1536," was given in the great Hall of the Reformation in that city on the evening of November 3. A small fee was charged for reserved seats in the body of the hall only, and a special entrance was assigned to the holders of these tickets. Every effort was made to secure a large attendance, and at the close a collection was taken up for the window that French Switzerland will contribute to the Memorial Church at Speyer. As this, one of the great windows in the nave, will represent Farel urging Calvin to take up his residence in Geneva, the above method of raising money for it seems both instructive and most appropriate.

This same lecture has since been repeated in Speyer itself, recalling to the people there the work of the Genevan reformers, and closing with a view of the window, which the Protestants in French Switzerland today intend to present to the great commemorative church at Speyer.

THE ENGLISH POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA.—So general throughout the civilized world is the grief and dismay over the moral fall of England that even papers that rarely discuss questions lying within the domain of politics or national policy are forced into the consideration of England's course in South Africa as a question of humanity, Christianity and righteousness. *Le Protestant*, for instance, gives large space to the subject in a recent issue. Its editor says:

"This people, whose great qualities we do not fail to recognize, is suffering the just punishment of its first error. Deceived by certain grasping and interested individuals, whom it allowed to guide its policy, it did not at first realize to what a dangerous course it was letting itself be pledged. Once caught in the fatal complications of a war of conquest, it has been insensibly led to accept and even to approve acts which under other circumstances and in cold blood it would have repudiated and condemned with quite as much vigor as the most severe of its present critics. The growing number of voices lifted up among all classes of the English people demanding an end of these atrocities confirms us in this view of the matter.

"Our hearts swell not alone with a just indignation, but also with a deep, fraternal pity for the English nation, a pity which will be turned into genuine admiration if these voices, which begin to make themselves heard, succeed in speaking loudly enough to silence those, only their pride and that obstinacy, so natural to man, which leads him to keep on at any cost in a given way no matter how fatal it may be. Should England succeed in extricating herself from the present crisis, which is truly scandalous, and regaining the path of justice and humanity, she will emphatically demonstrate the excellence of the Christian principle which enables one to triumph over evil in all its forms."

Another writer in the same paper says: "The miserable statesman who desired this war and did all that was possible to make it inevitable, recently said at Edinburg: 'The time may come for adopting even more rigorous measures against the rebels and bands of guerrillas. Should that moment arrive, England will find precedents in the conduct of nations who now talk of her barbarity and cruelty, * * * notably in Poland, Almeria, Tonkin, Bosnia, in the Franco-German war and in the Caucasus.' What he points out is unfortunately true. Other nations besides England have been barbarous and cruel. May all those hit by the *argumentum ad hominem* of Mr. Chamberlain cry *mea culpa.* But to cite this fact with haughty cynicism as justification and excuse for the ferocity of his own policy indicates a more shameless condition of soul. It in no way diminishes the responsibility of the English minister and of those who follow and approve it. Rather, the conditions are many which make this war of ambition and extermination waged by the great Protestant nation against this brave little Protestant people the blackest political crime which our century has witnessed, a national sin against the Holy Spirit. Like all sins against the Spirit, it will neither be pardoned in this century nor in that which is to come. England will pay the full penalty in her conscience and all that depends on it, her prosperity, her future power, and the future of her institutions.

"The best of the English people feel this painfully, and with them we feel ourselves in deepest sympathy."

Notes follow in the remonstrances, and appeals coming in from all sides, from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, the Lutheran Synod of Paris, various churches of Amsterdam, the French societies for the protection of children, the archbishop of Canterbury, Rev. Stephen Gladstone, the Consistory of Nimes, and others. M. E. H.

Books Received.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

"Dutch Life in Town and Country." By P. M. Hough. $1.20 (illustrated).

"One of My Sons." By Anna Katherine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs).

"Commercial Trusts." By John R. Dos Passos.

"Richard Wagner; His Life and His Dramas." By W. J. Henderson.

"The God Seeker." A Tale of Old Syria. By Peter Rosegger. Translated by Frances E. Skinner.

"Romance of The Renaissance Chateaux." By Elizabeth W. Champney (illustrated).

"Historic Towns of the Western States." Edited by Lyman P. Powell (illustrated).

THE MACMILLAN CO., 66 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

"The Making of an American." By Jacob A. Riis (illustrated).

"God Wills It." A Tale of the First Crusade. By Louis Stearns Davis. $1.50.

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Candle Lightin' Time	Paul Lawrence Dunbar	1.50 "
Old Time Gardens	Alice Morse Earle	2.50 "
Lives of the Hunted	Ernest Seton-Thompson	1.75 "
Flowers and Ferns in Their Haunts	Mable Osgood Wright	2.50 "
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